

Stuff and Nonsense

by Timesprite

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Summary: Late night meditations. My first ever attempt to pry into Domino's psyche. I think She still has it in for me...

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Disclaimer: Domino isn't mine. And that's that.

Note: Okay, I have *never* attempted to write Dom before, so be gentle. To tell you the truth, I didn't really know she was the one narrating this until both Em and Threnody pointed it out (lovely wonderful people that they are). I guess it's PG for mild swearing. Also, I think I let a tad too much of myself bleed into this thing, so even if you hate it, try not to crush me *too* much? Eh..will you listen to me? I'm not a spineless jellyfish normally. Anyway, just read, as these notes are threatening to be

longer than the story. Another thank you to Em for the title.

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It'd dark out there. Well, it's night, so I guess it explains it, though my mind doesn't even seem able to grasp the concept of 'night is dark' at the moment. I'm too strung out and too exhausted at the same moment, the last tendrils of the adrenaline high fettering out, making me unbelievably tired.

Sleep won't come. It's not just the wind outside, howling under the eaves. It's not the rain slapping at the window. And amazingly enough, it's not the empty space beside me in the bed. I'm used to that by now. I guess it's the cold. Doesn't matter that I've got the blanket wrapped around me, pulled up to my chin, and to tell you the truth, the room isn't even that chilly. It's the cold within that's eating at me. So cold it burns like licking tongues of flame. I swear under

my breath. It's a poor time for my conscience to come back to haunt me. Like it isn't bad enough the nightmares have come to plague my sleep these last few weeks. As if the images of blood and death, the mind numbing half-remembered terror weren't payment enough. What the hell am I doing? Sitting here in the dark stewing in my own self-pity and remorse isn't going to do me a damned bit of good. I should lay down again and try for some measure of sleep. Maybe I would, if I could be sure I'd just drop off into blackness, fall into an over-exhausted dead sleep, blissfully unperturbed by haunting memories. But I've got no such reassurance, and I refuse to give into the darkness.

Guess I'm just too damned stubborn for my own good. I laugh despite myself. It's a bitter, sarcastic laugh. I've always been too stubborn for my own good. I can't count the number of times when giving in would have made things easier on me. But I couldn't. And I guess I'd rather take the hard road into hell than just lay down and die. Yes, I know it's a coping mechanism. So is my bitterness, my sarcasm. I know I'm emotionally detached. I've had to be, with the life I've led. It's so much easier not to feel. But I can only cheat myself for so long. I end up getting stressed out and before I know it all those stopped up emotions come back in my face. Maybe that's why I've been having the nightmares. I've been ignoring those feelings for so long consciously that they've decided to be subversive and attack me at the only time I'm completely defenseless.

Bastards.

I start to laugh again. Softly at first, then louder and more hysterical. I hear myself in a sort of detached way, and I realize I'm scaring myself as the laughter degenerates into sobs. Huge, body-wracking sobs that leave me grasping for breath. I just cussed out my own emotions. My how the mighty have fallen.

I smile wryly to myself. I suppose the fact that some of the things I've done occasionally come back to haunt me is a good thing. I wouldn't be human if they didn't. And there is no greater evil in the world than a remorseless killer. So at least I have that comfort. With a shaky hand, I reach out to wipe away the tears on my face before I realize I haven't shed any. I shake my head sadly. I may still have my regrets, but I cried myself out a long time ago. So long ago that I can't really remember it. Not that it matters when, really. I stopped feeling sorry for myself a long time ago. I realized that my life was my own, that I had chosen my actions, even if I hadn't really chosen the life. Fate works in mysterious ways that I'm not even going to pretend I understand. The fact remains that I am what I am. I can't change the past and it's a bit too late to be contemplating the 'what ifs' and 'if onlys.' I silently berate myself for acting like a petulant child and tell myself to buckle down for another sleepless night. I can feel my stubborn streak rise to the challenge. I'm not going to let my regrets and remorse catch me dreaming.

Fin

End
file.